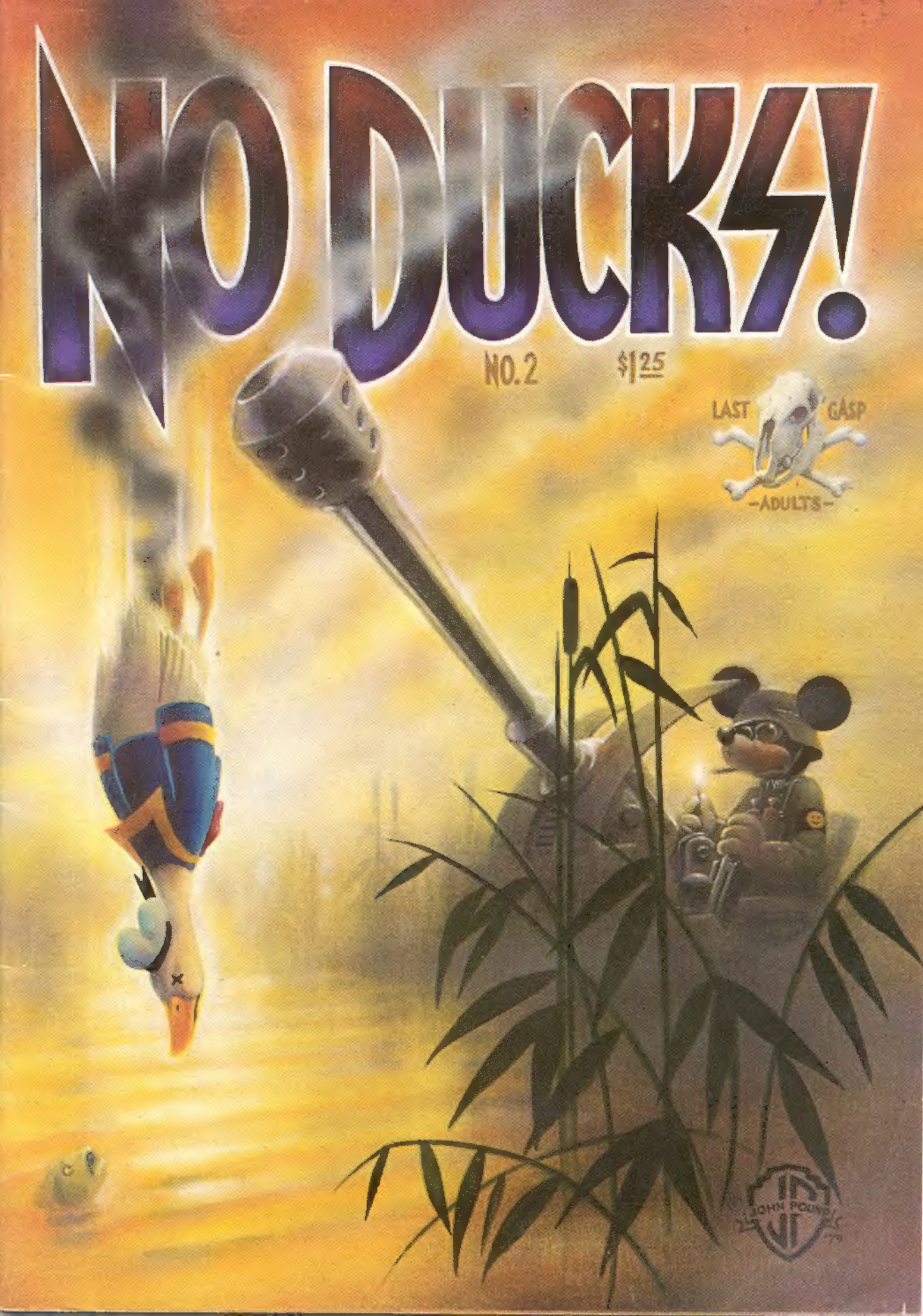
NO DUCKS!
NO. 2
$1.25
LAST GASP
-ADULTS-
JOHN POUND
'79

IN THIS ISSUE OF NO DUCKS!
• GEORGE METZGER'S STAR RATS IN "NO DUCKS!"
• RICHARD LARSON'S "HAVE NOSE WILL SNIFF" AND "BUN E"
• TIM BOXELL'S STONED WOLF IN "CURTAINS"
• STEVE LE/ALOHA'S "THE UNDERGROUND CAFETERIA..."
• HUNT EMERSON'S "LARGE COW COMIX"
• J. MICHAEL LEONARD'S "THE CLOVEN TREE"
• JIM SCHUMEISTER'S "THE GRORMPH"
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EDITOR • TIM BOXELL
COVER • JOHN POUND
1
LARSON & BOXELL

STAR RATS
IN
NO DUCKS
AWRITE, YOU SPACE SCUM, WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND AND YOU GOT LEAVE COMIN', SO I GOT SOME ADVICE.. SO PICK UP THEM EARS!
DUH, REALLY?
NOW DANTE'S THE SIN PLANET OF THE UNIVERSE, WHERE YOU'LL FIND ANYTHING YA WANT AT ANY PRICE. BUT SOME OF THE SPECIES DOWN THERE ARE CRAWLIN' WITH DISEASE!
AND FOR YOU, RALSTON RAT, THAT MEANS NO DUCKS, YOU PERVERT, YOU !!
AW, SARG, JUST A BIT OF TAIL...
IF I FIND SO MUCH AS A FEATHER ON YOU I'LL TAIL YOU!
O.K. SARG.
ACTIVATE THE SOMA!
OH, BOY, DIRTSIDE AT LAST!
OPEN THEM GATES WIDE!
HEY! TAXI!

STAR RATS COURTESY OF WINGS SATIRE MAGAZINE.

RALSTON AND TWO PALS ALIGHT AT NIGHTMARE ALLEY...
TAXI
LET'S GO WINDOW SHOPPING!
GIBBER DROOL
CARDS OR COCAIN?
COME SEE... DELIGHTS...
HELLO♪ BIG BOY.
WOW! LOOKIT HER!
OH OH!
WAH! BAWL! AIN'T FAIR! SNURF.
REMEMBER WHAT THE SARG SAID: NO DUCKS!
ESPECIALLY NOT AT JUCY LUCY'S, THE RANKEST DIVE IN THE ALLEY...
WHISPERING JACK SMITH'S, FAVORITE OF ALL SPACERS...
MOLATOV COCKTAIL
HIK
C'MON, A DRINK'LL SMOOTH YA OUT.
MPH.
ME TOO!
OH-OH! STAR RATS!

MUCH ETHER AND ALCOHOL LATER...
HEY, LESH 'AVE ANOTHER ROUND OF DRINKSH, 'OL SHPACEMATES ! ICK*
..SO THE MEDIC SAYS: DON'T WORRY, IT'LL FALL OFF BY ITSELF HA-HA
I DON'T GET IT.
HEY, GUYS, I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK— BE RITE BACK...
BAM
URP
ACME FREIGHT

YA HOO!
PECULIAR TOILET TRAINING..

EXCUSE ME—IN A RUSH! BY!

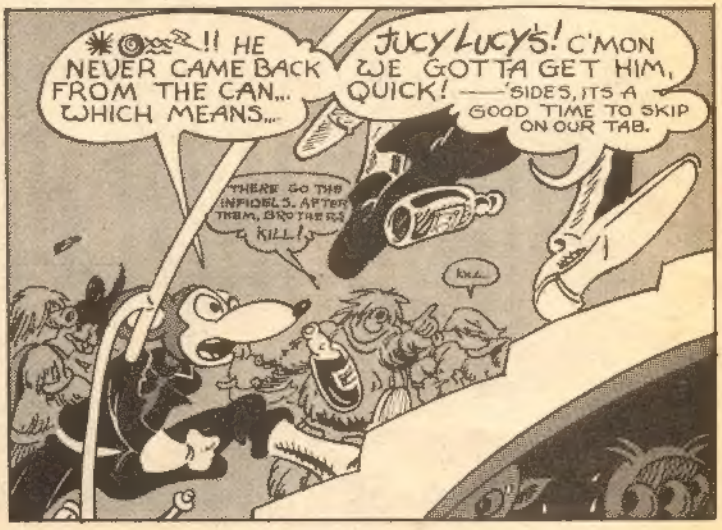
HONEY, WE'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU WANT!

STILL LATER...
WE ALL WERE CREATED BY THE GREAT ONES, THE HUMANS!
SHPACE BILGE, THEY'RE JUSH A SHTUPID MYTH, RIDI-CULOUSH...

ARRGH!
OOPS! SORRY, DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SENSITIVE ABOUT YOUR RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS!
ZOT!

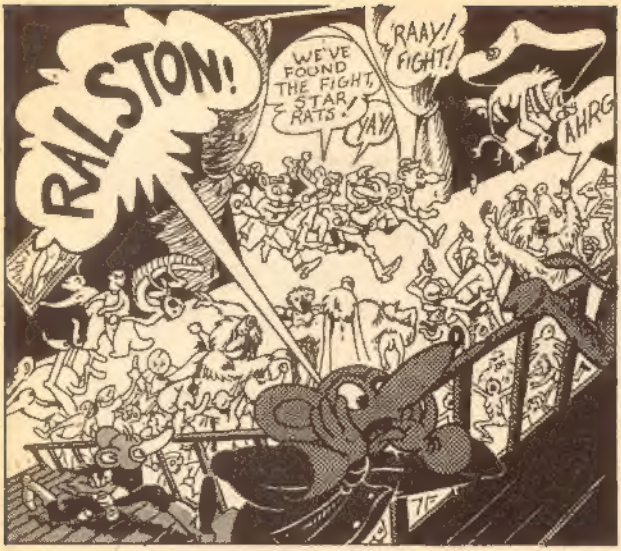
YAAY, WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE FIGHT!
C'MON STAR RATS!
GRAH!

HEY, FRED, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
INNA MINUTE, INNA MINUTE.
UH, WHERE'S RALSTON?


!! HE NEVER CAME BACK FROM THE CAN... WHICH MEANS...
JUCY LUCY'S! C'MON WE GOTTA GET HIM, QUICK! —'SIDES, ITS A GOOD TIME TO SKIP ON OUR TAB.
THERE GO THE INFIDELS. AFTER THEM, BRO THERS KILL!
KILL...

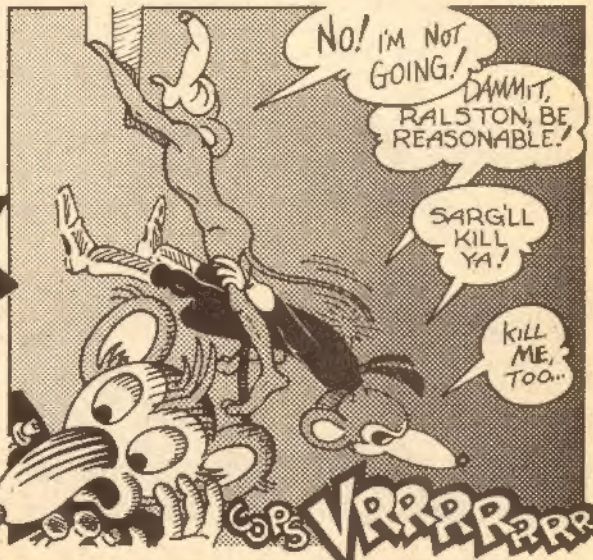
LUCYS
HEY, YOU GUYS!
OH OH! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!
OUTTA T'WAY!

HARG!


RALSTON!
WE'VE FOUND THE FIGHT, STAR RATS!
YAY!
RAAY! FIGHT!
AHRG

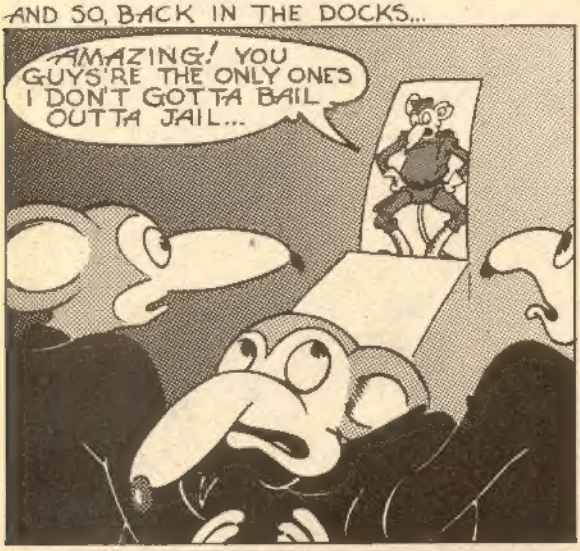
RALSTON? RALSTON!
GO AWAY! GET YOUR OWN DUCK!
FRIENDS OF YOURS, HONEY? SPECIAL RATES FOR THREESIES...

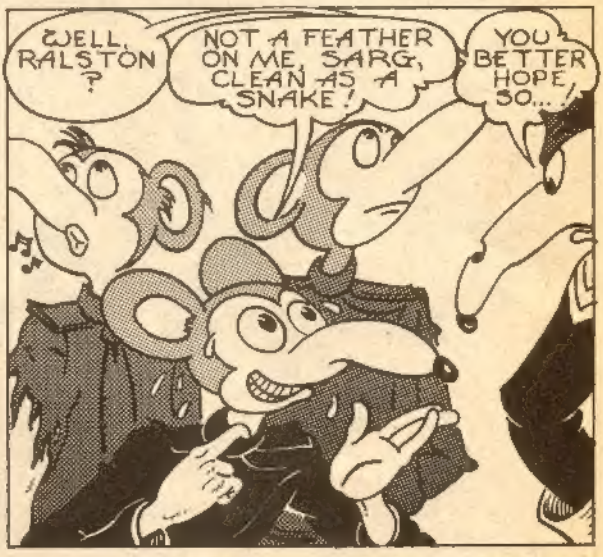
WHAT'S
EEEEEEK
ITS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
WAAH! LEGGO, DON'T WANNA GO!


NO! I'M NOT GOING!
DAMMIT, RALSTON, BE REASONABLE!
SARG'LL KILL YA!
KILL ME, TOO..
COPS VRRRRRRRR

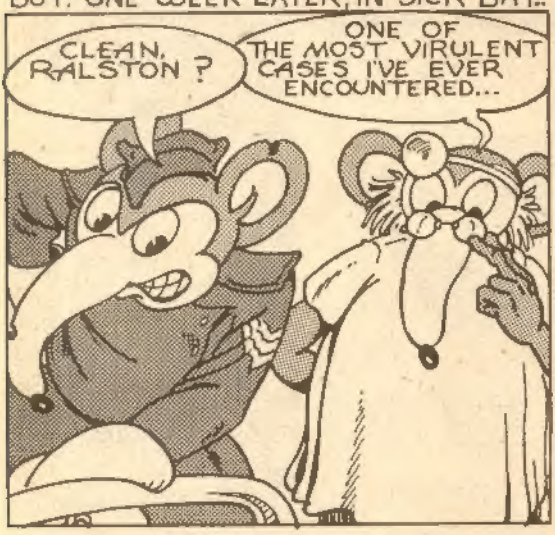
RRRRRRRR

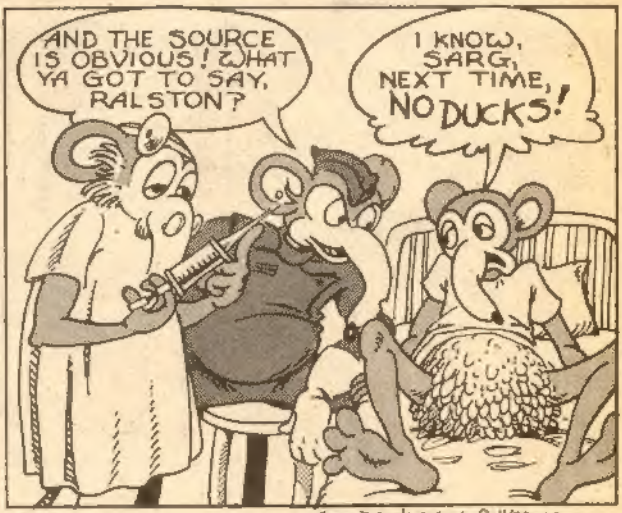
AND SO, BACK IN THE DOCKS...




BUT, ONE WEEK LATER, IN SICK BAY..




Geo. Metzger- Salt'18, N.C.
also R.N. & B.I.

WE ALL SLEEP A LITTLE MORE SOUNDLY AT NIGHT, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT
CHASNEY ZWEI-EACH
HAVE NOSE · WILL SNIFF
IS ON THE JOB...
BLAM BLAM
AARRGGHH!
HEH HEH... GOOD ONE.
MIRANDA DECISION? FUCK THE MIRANDA DECISION! KICK THE LITTLE PUS HEAD'S FACE IN, CUNT! ATTABOY!
CHAZZY? ALL THIS VIOLENT BLOODLETTING MAKES ME... YOU KNOW... WANT TO...
SORRY, BABY. PROFESSIONAL ETHICS PREVENT ME FROM DIPPING INTO YOUR SLUICEBOX WHILST EASTWOOD HOLDS FORTH ON THE TUBE...
YOU DON'T LOVE ME, I'M GONNA GO MAKE IT WITH YOUR CUISINART...
DO THAT... TRY THE DOUGH HOOKS...
JESUS, HOW FRUSTRATING! SHOOT THAT REPORTER! NO! THERE'S THE MAYOR! SHOOT THE MAYOR!
CRASH!!
CHAS! HELP!!
THAT'LL BE AL, HOME FROM LE DISCO. SOUNDS LIKE THUMPER'S FORCING HER CHARMS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING MARSUPIAL...
EEEEKKK!
THAT'S DEFINITELY THUMPER... HEE HEE... WHERE'S MY CAMERA?
CHAS! I JUST SAW A MURDER! THIS GUY...
...OFFED SOMEBODY AND IS NOW TRYING TO ELIMINATE YOU, THE LUCKLESS BYSTANDER, EH?!
EEEKKK!!
UNHAND MY PARTNER, YOU SLEAZY PIECE OF CRUD! LET GO, I SAY!
WANKWANKWANK
TENACIOUS BASTARD...
EEEKKK!!
NO, CHAS! THIS HERE IS THE VICTIM!
WHA-HUH?
I WAS DANCING AT ALBINO'S SOUP TUREEN, SEE, AND SOME GUY COMES UP AND CLOBBERS THIS GUY AND HE FALLS ON ME, SEE AND GRABS AHOLD OF MY LITTLE KOALA BODY AND THEN RIGOR MORTIS SETS IN...
WHAT COKED-UP BERKELEY AX-MURDERER SOLD YOU THIS PLOT, LARSON?

...AND I RUN ALL THE WAY BACK HERE. I TRIED TO GET HIM TO LET GO, CHAS, BUT DEAD PEOPLE ARE SO HARD TO REASON WITH...

EEE CRUNCH!

THEY'RE SO HARD, PERIOD, WHICH IS THE PROBLEM HERE.

WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP?! I'LL GO GET ME SOME BUTTER... AND DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP... IT'S FOR THIS DEAD GUY...

WHIMPER SICKIE...

NOT TO WORRY, AL. WE'LL GREASE THE GEEK DOWN AND... SAY, AL... WHERE DID THIS GUY GET CLOBBERED?

RIGHT OUT THERE ON THE DANCE FL...

YUTZ! WHERE ON THE BODY?!?

OH... TOP OF HIS HEAD... IT WAS CLEARLY VISIBLE UNTIL YOU SAVAGELY AND IMPULSIVELY PUREED HIS SKULL WITH THE BUTT OF YOUR... UH... OH...

DID SOMEBODY SAY, "BUTT"?

JUST GIVE ME THE GODAMN BUTTER...

UH OH. INDEED... THUMPER, GET YOUR CLOTHES AND BLOW... ER... GET OUT. I PROMISE TO BANG YOUR TAMBOURINE CONTINUOUSLY FOR 48 HOURS IN THE NEAR FUTURE...

I HOPE YOU ASSHOLES GET THE CHAIR!

AL, WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE...

WE? IT WAS YOUR GUN...

IT WAS ON YOUR BEHALF. IF I TAKE THE FALL FOR THIS I'LL FEEL JUSTIFIED IN FORCE-FEEDING YOU YOUR TAVARES ALBUMS...

GLORP!

THEY'LL UNDERSTAND, CHAS. WE HAVE NO MOTIVE...

"WE"... THAT'S BETTER, YEAH? THE AVERAGE ACIDHEAD WOULDN'T BUY THE STORY YOU JUST LAYED ON ME...

SSSPUKK!

GET ME A HEFTY BAG...

BESIDES, INSPECTOR O'CHAN HATES ME EVER SINCE I ACCIDENTLY RAN OVER HIS TOO KEY WITNESSES IN THE BABUSHKA CASE. I THOUGHT "R" WAS FOR "RIGHT STRAIGHT AHEAD"...

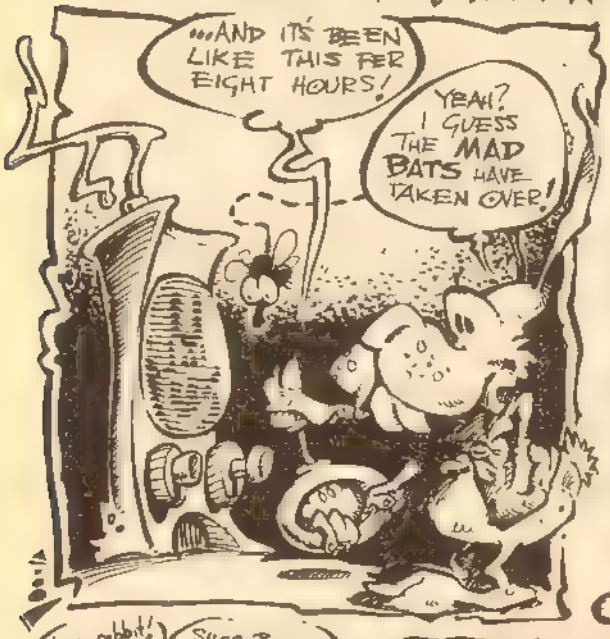
SO WE GOT THIS GUY IN A BAG. NOW WHAT?

WE TAKE HIM TO THE PIER AND DUMP HIM. HE WAS AT A DISCO, RIGHT? HE'S WEARING POLYESTER, RIGHT? NOBODY'LL EVEN NOTICE A SHMUCK LIKE THIS IS MISSING...

© 1978 Rick LARSON

HUNT EMERSON
·12·78
ALAN RABBIT (OCCASIONALLY KNOWN AS BILL THE BUNNY) IS SITTING ASTRIDE A STANDARD LAMP WHEN....!!
?
DING DONG BONG
EXIT
BARNY BLOWFLY AND "DUTCH" WATCH! COME ON IN FELLERS... WHUZ HAPPENIN?..
HEY RABBIT! IT'S HAPPENED! OH, MAN....
HOO BOY!
TICK MY COCK!
JUS' TAKE A LOOK AT YR TEEVEE!
BUZ
KLIK
1.

HABAKKA HAK-HAK!! HOKKAKABAKAK BAGAK BAK!! KABAKABOK
BAGAKABAGKAK HAK! BAKKABAK? HABAKAG KABOK KOONK!


...AND IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS FER EIGHT HOURS!
YEAH? I GUESS THE MAD BATS HAVE TAKEN OVER!

YOU BET! WHUDDAWE GONNA DO, RABBIT?
DAT'S EASY!

hey, rabbit! Ya got any shit?
Sure, Barney, In da fridge..

SEE! PROBLEM SOLVED!
oh boy!

LE'S GO DOWNTOWN AN' CHECK OUT THE CRISPY BABIES...
RABBIT, YOU'RE A CAUTION!

EFGHIJKLM

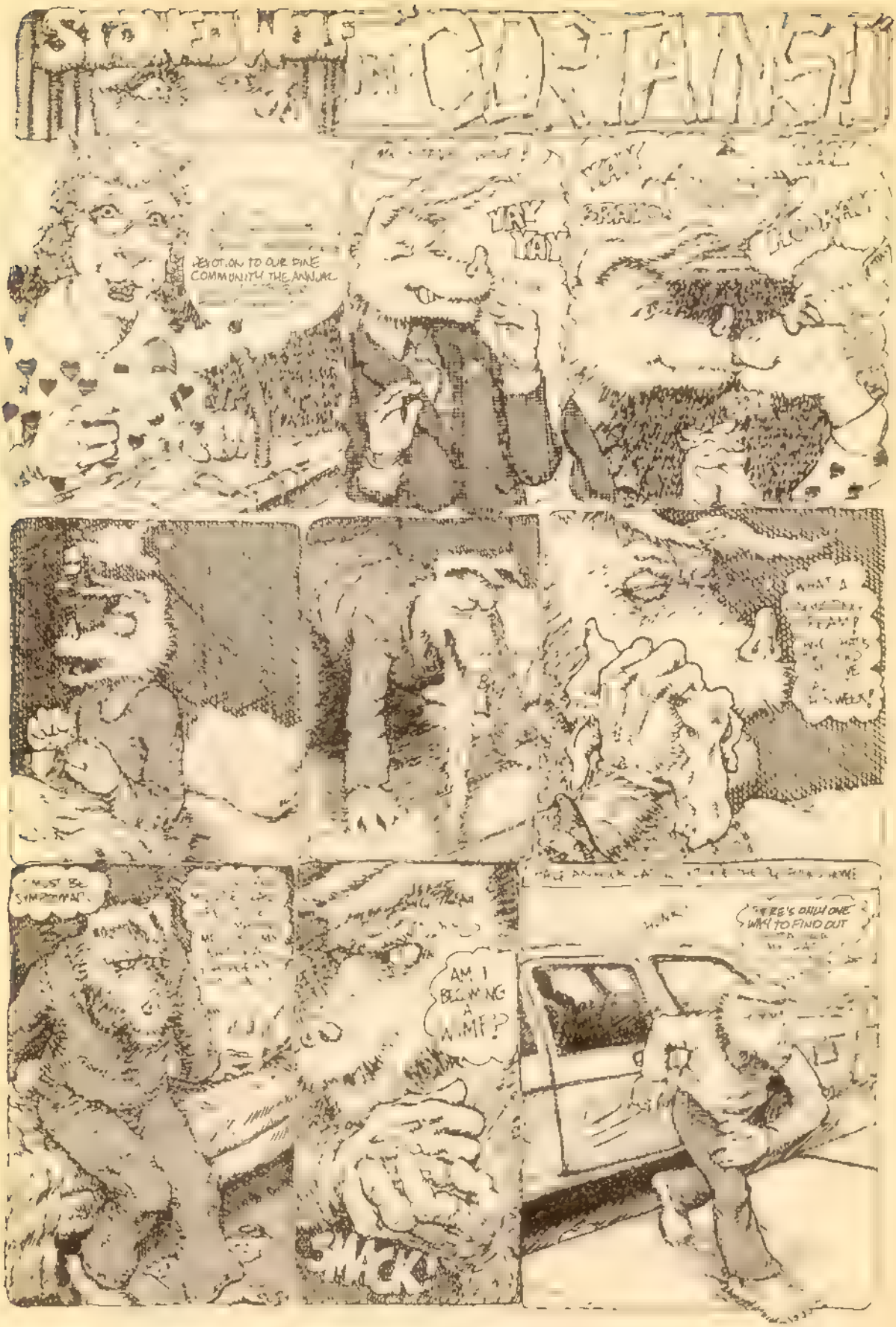
BARNY BLOWFLY LEAVES OUR STORY AT THIS POINT
SLAM
THE DOOR
THOSE MAD BATS GET TA BE A REAL PEST!...
AH! DEM CRAZY FLAYDER-MICE DON'T BUG ALAN RABBIT! (also known as Bill 'n' B)
SO! A RABBIT DAT THINKS HE'S CLEVER! EH? EH? EH?
WHOOPS! SEE YA LATER, RABBIT.

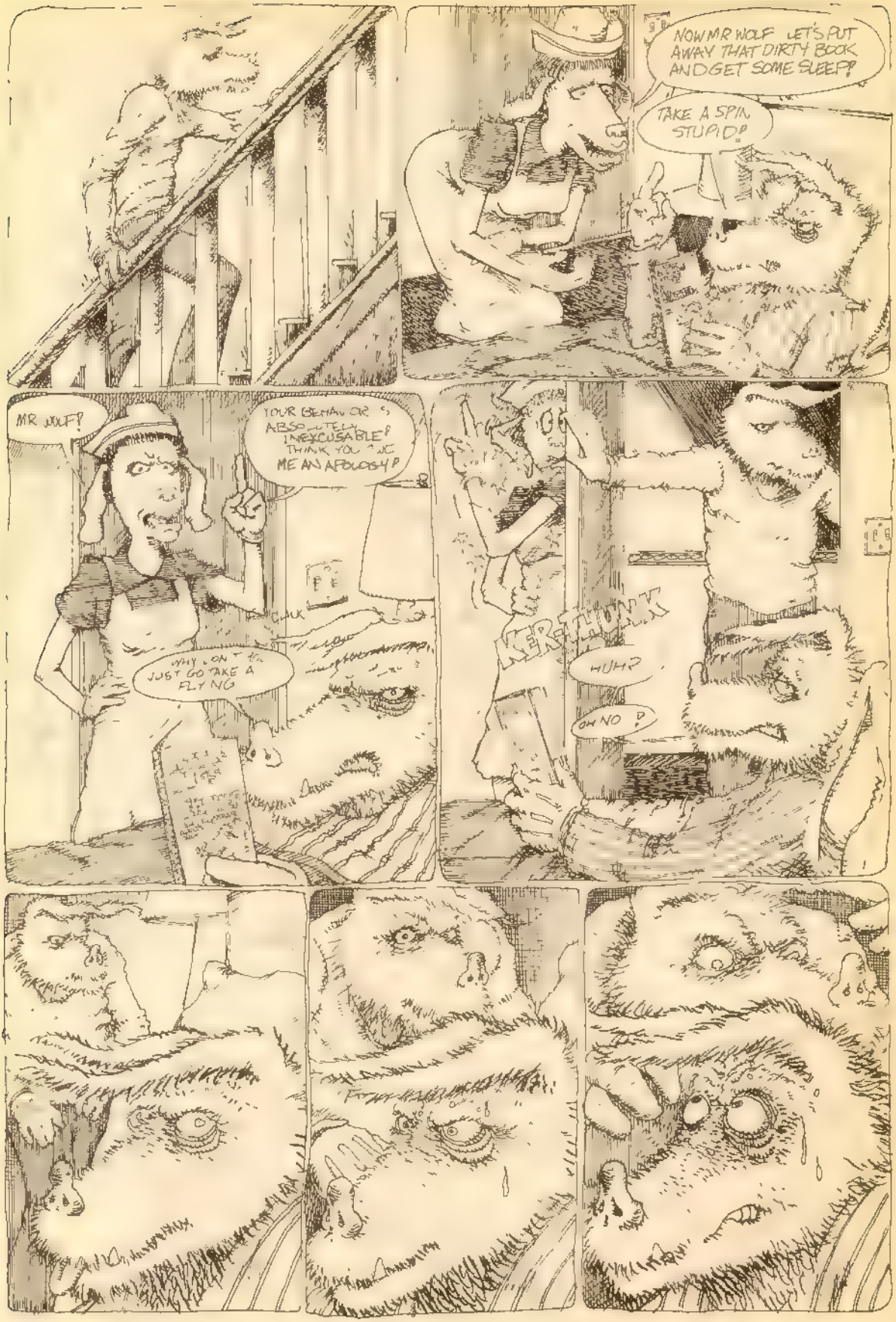
...gulp...er...IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK, MR. BAT...er... I THREW TH'TV OUT THE WINDOW COZ...er... I DON'T LIKE IT ANYMORE....
HONEST! LOTS OF FAUNA DON'T LIKE THEIR TV THESE DAYS! (except ducks)
DON'T GIMME NONE A DAT! YOU WUZ TRYIN' T'GET RID OF US BATS!
YOU BETTER LEARN DAT WHEN DA BATS TAKE OVER, IT'S FOR SERIOUS!
OH CRIKEY!
...SOME BOVINES IN NEW JERSEY DON'T EVEN LIKE THEIR CAR ANYMORE! EEEK!
NOW GET ON WIDIT, BUNNY!
AND SO THE RABBIT IS FORCED TO JOIN THE HAPLESS THRONG RELUCTANTLY OBEYING THE BATS' DICTUM!
HAKKA
HOKKA
HAK
HAKKABAK
HAKONKA
HONK
HAK
BAKABA
HABOK
HAK
HAK
HONK
HAKKA
C'MON! LETS HAVE MORE FLITTER!
EVENING...
WOW! BEIN' A BAT SURE IS A DRAG!
YEAH! SO HUMILIATIN'!
...AND WE ALL GOT TO SLEEP IN A BELLFRY? STOOPID!
EVEN WORSE THAN WHEN TH' COWS TOOK OVER...
...REMEMBER THOSE MILK BOTTLES?
MOO
OINK
SKWK
MAA
GROWL
DON'T REMIND ME...
SKWEE
BLAAT

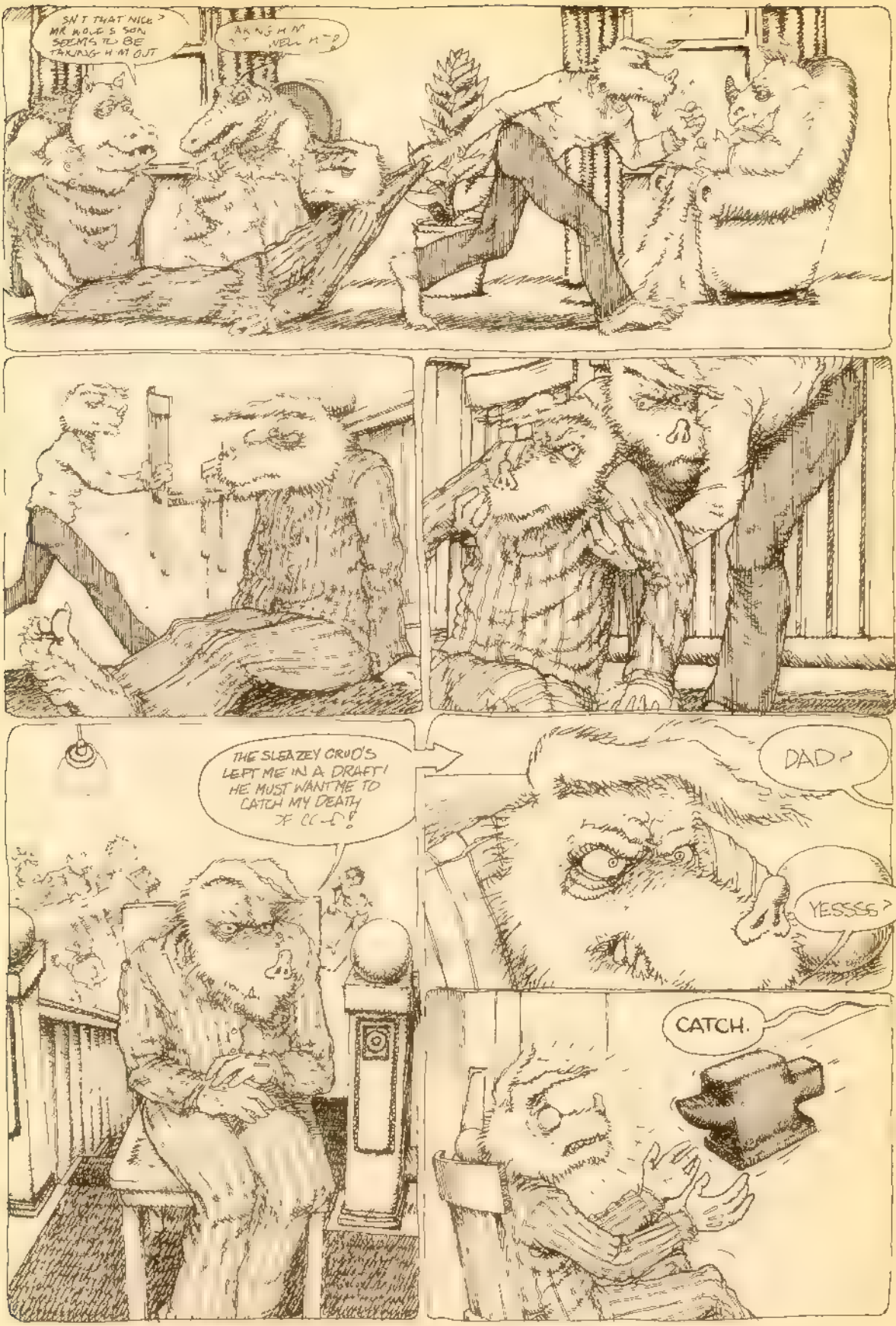
AT LEAST SOME SPECIES HAVE DIGNITY! =DOGS, FOR EXAMPLE...
BMP
MOO
ERK
SWAMP
OOT SKR T
TWEET
PONG
PEEP
WOWR
OINK
YOWL
SKREE
WHAT? RUNNIN' ROUND IN CIRCLES SMELLIN' EACH OTHERS BOTTOMS?
YEAH! WON!
NAA, MATE! THE ONLY TRUE STATE'S A RABBIT STATE!
AND SO WE SEE THE SLOW, INEVITABLE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION, AS SPECIES COME TO ASCENDANCY OVER EACH OTHER!
The Goldfish Age
NATURE SORTS THROUGH HER STOCKPILE, TRYING AND REJECTING....
2 ANTS, ANY STYLE
HOME FRIES TOAST-COFFEE
$.69
The Anteater Age
....EACH BRAND OF LIVING THING OFFERING IT'S ANSWER TO THE QUESTION "WHITHER?"...
don't get it
what's so funny?
heh
heh heh
The Age of Hyenas
....UNTIL EVENTUALLY...
WELL ALL REET!
The Snail Age

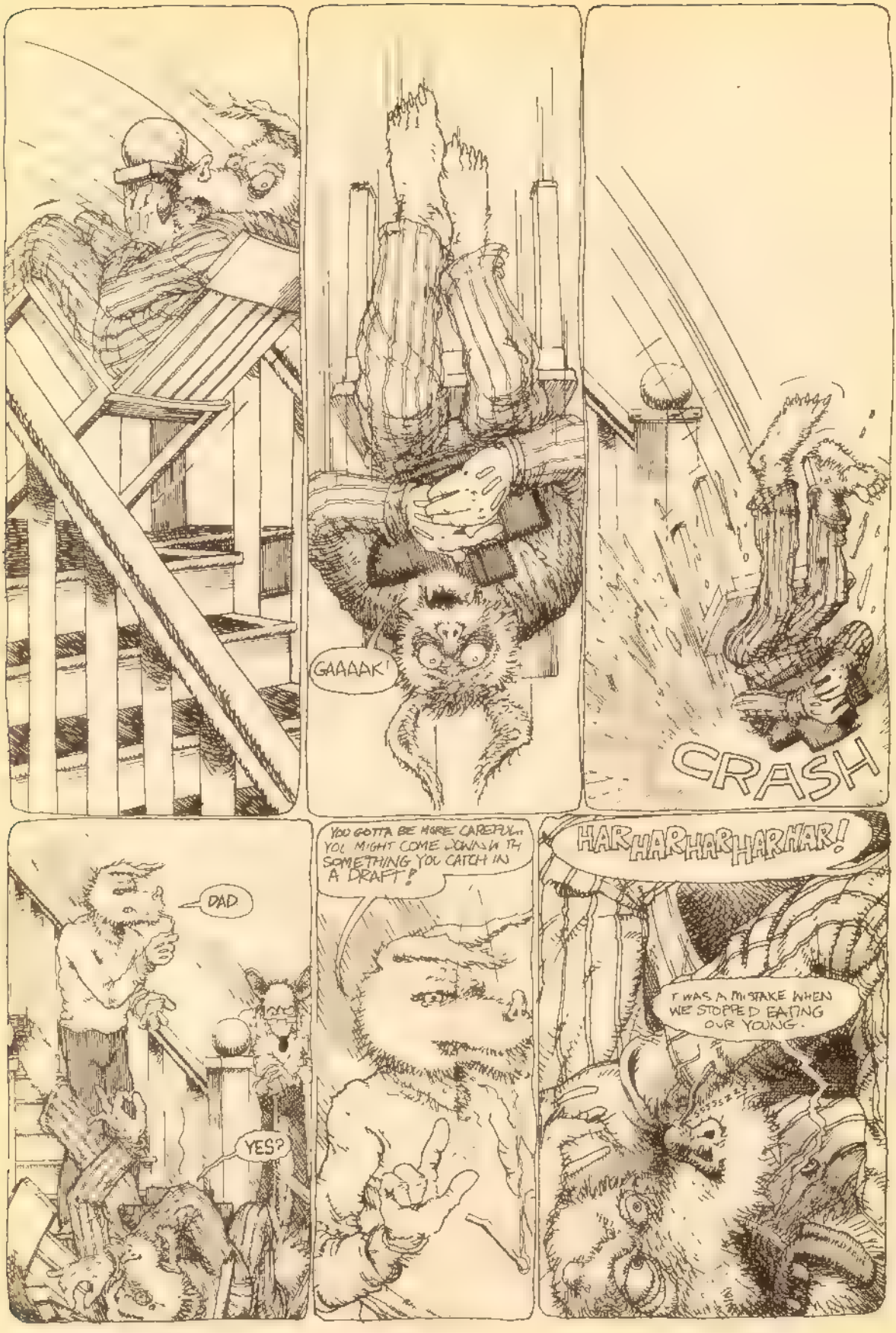
OKAY EVERYBODY! THIS IS IT.!! AN END TO BEASTLINESS!!
THE ERA YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE PART IN THE PINNACLE OF EVOLUTION!
IT'S....
?
?!
THE STORK! AGE!
VICTORIA STORK
STORK AGE?
THIS IS IT??
YUP
SEVENTY ZILLION YEARS OF EVOLTING... ALL FOR...
SO WHAT D'WE GET TO DO IN TH' STORK AGE THATS FANTASTIC?
YEAH! WHUP IT OUT...
WELL, WE ALL GET TO STAND LIKE THIS FOR A START!
Hey... I see what she means...
AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

Mr. Stork appears by kind permission of Preen Productions...


DEVOTION TO OUR FINE COMMUNITY THE ANNUAL
YAY YAY
WHAT A
AM I
BEING
A
WIMP?
SMACK
I MUST BE
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO FIND OUT

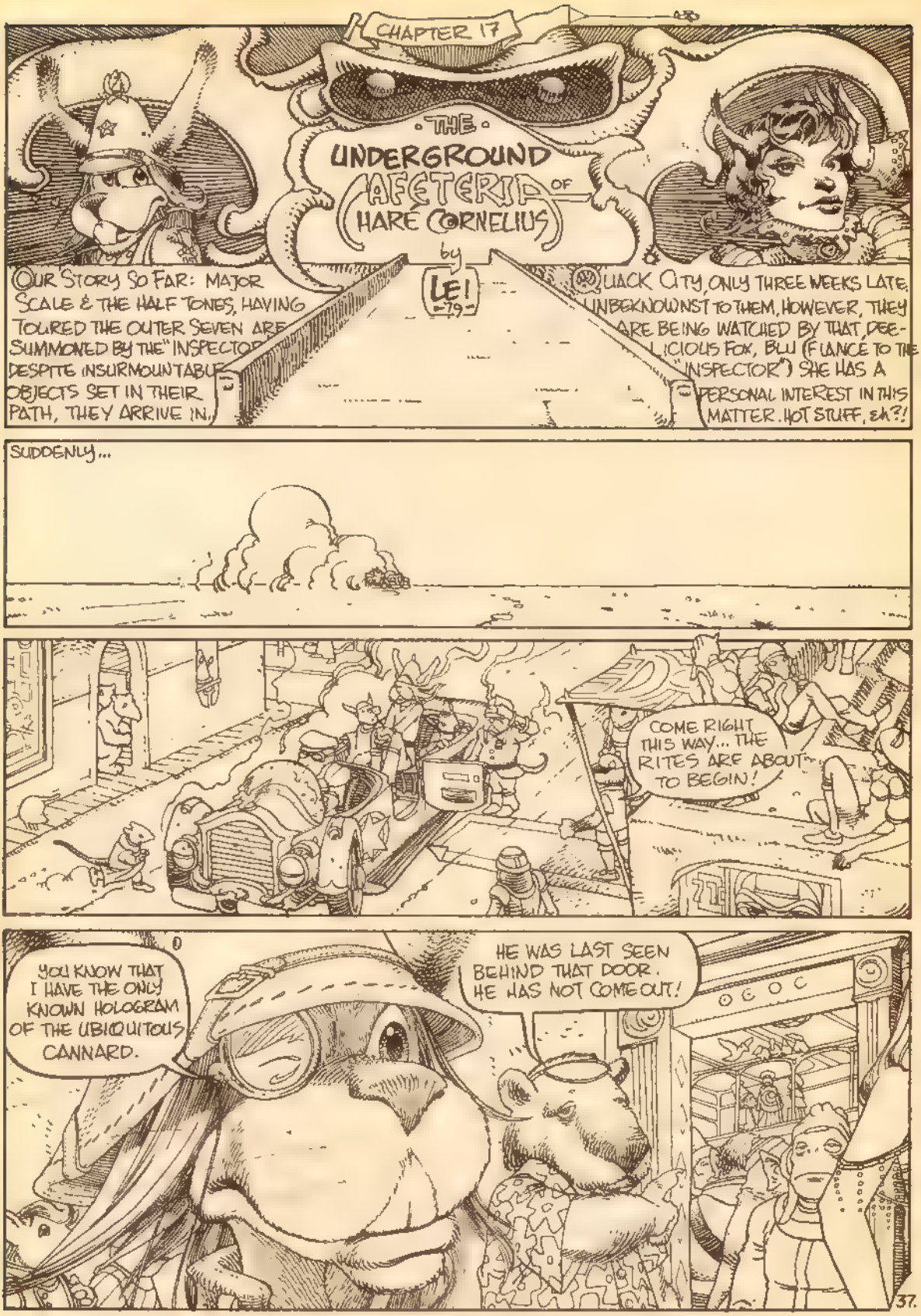

NOW MR WOLF LET'S PUT AWAY THAT DIRTY BOOK AND GET SOME SLEEP?
TAKE A SPIN, STUPID!
MR WOLF?
YOUR BEHAVIOR WAS ABSOLUTELY INEXCUSABLE! THINK YOU OWE ME AN APOLOGY?
WHY, I OUGHTA... JUST GO TAKE A FLYING
KERTHUNK
HUH?
OH NO!

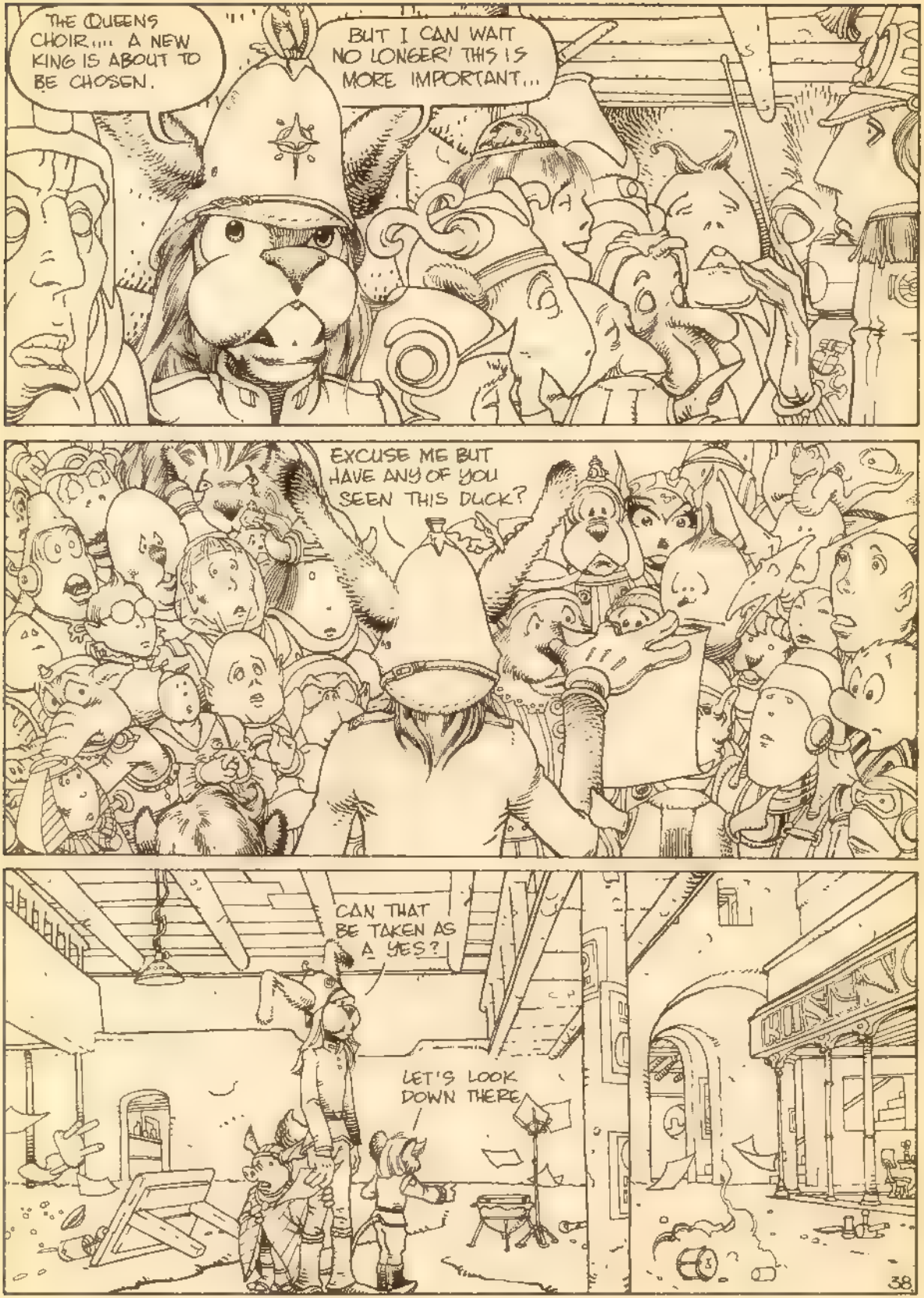

SN'T THAT NICE? MR MOLE'S SON SEEMS TO BE TAKING HIM OUT
ARNGHM WELL H-?
THE SLEAZEY CRUD'S LEFT ME IN A DRAFT! HE MUST WANT ME TO CATCH MY DEATH
DAD?
YESSSS?
CATCH.


GAAAAK!
CRASH
DAD
YES?
YOU GOTTA BE MORE CAREFUL... YOU MIGHT COME DOWN WITH SOMETHING YOU CATCH IN A DRAFT!
HARHARHARHARHARHAR!
IT WAS A MISTAKE WHEN WE STOPPED EATING OUR YOUNG.

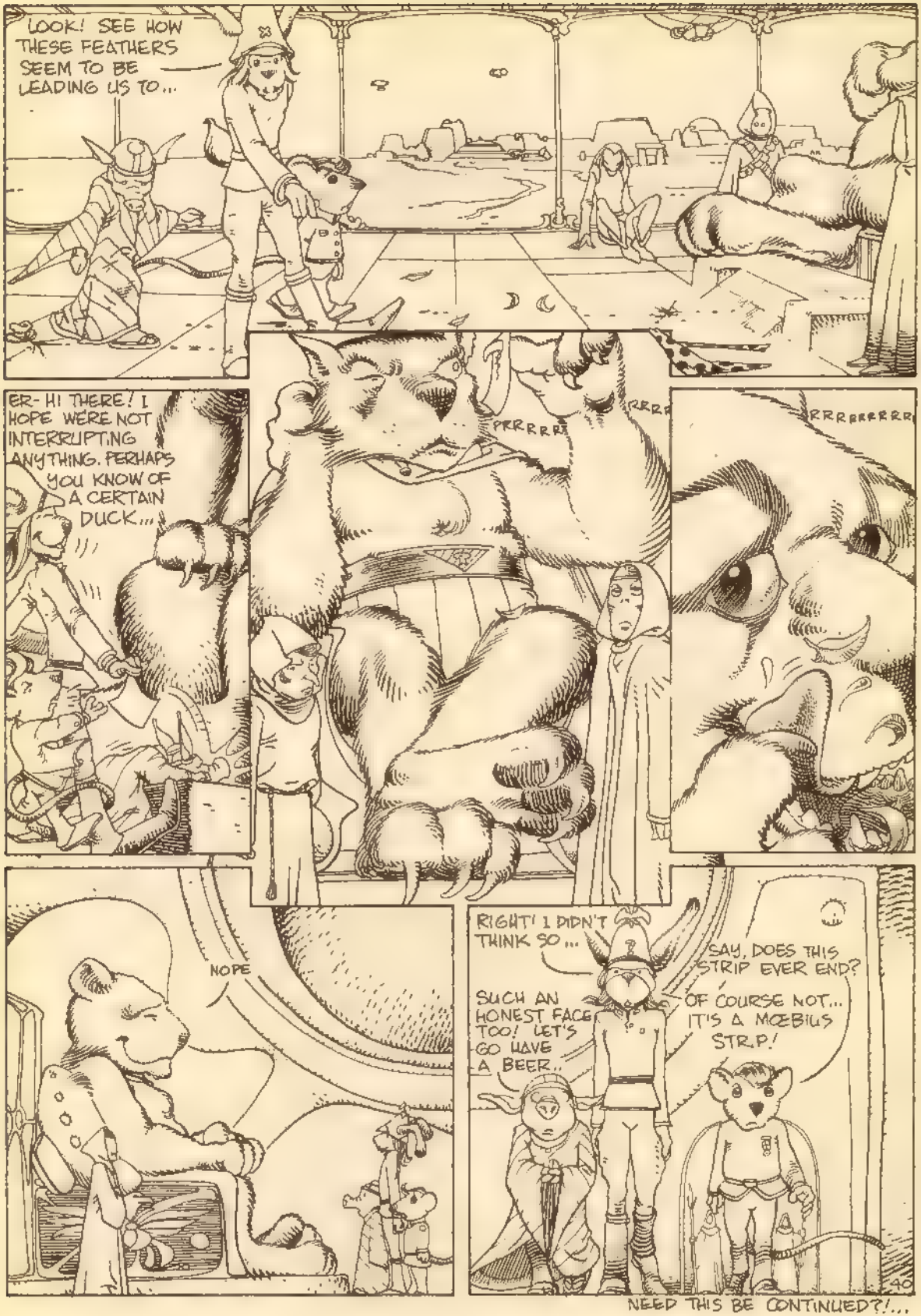
THE NEXT NIGHT...
FEEZ. I FEEL GOOD TONIGHT. GONNA SLEEP LIKE A BABY. NO BAD DREAMS TONIGHT
THE WOLF'S DREAM BEGINS ON A FAMILIAR NOTE
BLAH BLAH AWARD GOES TO.
WHADDAM I DOIN' HERE WITH THESE FRICKIN' MONKEYS. AND THE HAIR TESS
MR STEVEN WOLF?
STEVEN?! NEVER LET ANYONE CALL ME THAT STUPID NAME!
NOW, MR WOLF. PLEASE BE CALM WE HAVE A NICE AWARD FOR YOU! NOW GIVE US A LITTLE KISS
AKSS? SURE KISS MY
SOK
KNUCKLES!
IN RECOGNITION OF BEING STUPID, BORING, IRRITATING, GOODY-GOODY AND GENERALLY DISGUSTING I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU FOLKS WITH...
THE GOOD FOR NUTHIN' AWARD!
HEH HEH HEH HEH

WHACK
AAAAAAAAOWWW
YOU AWAKE? GOOD! I'VE BEEN HAVING THESE AWFUL DREAMS AND I NEED YOUR HELP YOU'VE BEEN HAVING NIGHTMARES TOO, HAVEN'T YOU?
WAS JATHO PAID YOU THAT T.C. SIT NOW SLEEP GREAT WHEN I'M NOT BEING WHACKED ON THE FEET BY SOME CANE SWINGING OLD FART??
YOU MEAN BY PERFORMING A BRUTAL ACT OF VIOLENCE AGAINST YOUR HELPLESS OLD FATHER YOU REGAINED YOUR CONFIDENCE AND YOUR PEACE OF MIND?
YOU GOT IT DAD?
SOUNDS SIMPLE ENOUGH MAYBE YOUR METHOD'LL WORK FOR ME HERE GOES NUTHIN'?
NO, WAIT "CHOKE"
TIP
WHOOOSH
EEEEEAAAAAAA
CRASH SMASH
JUST REMEMBER SON, YOU FOOL AROUND WITH YOUR MOTHER-IT'S INCEST... YOU FOOL AROUND WITH YOUR FATHER-IT'S CURTAINS!
THE END
TIM BOLL '78.

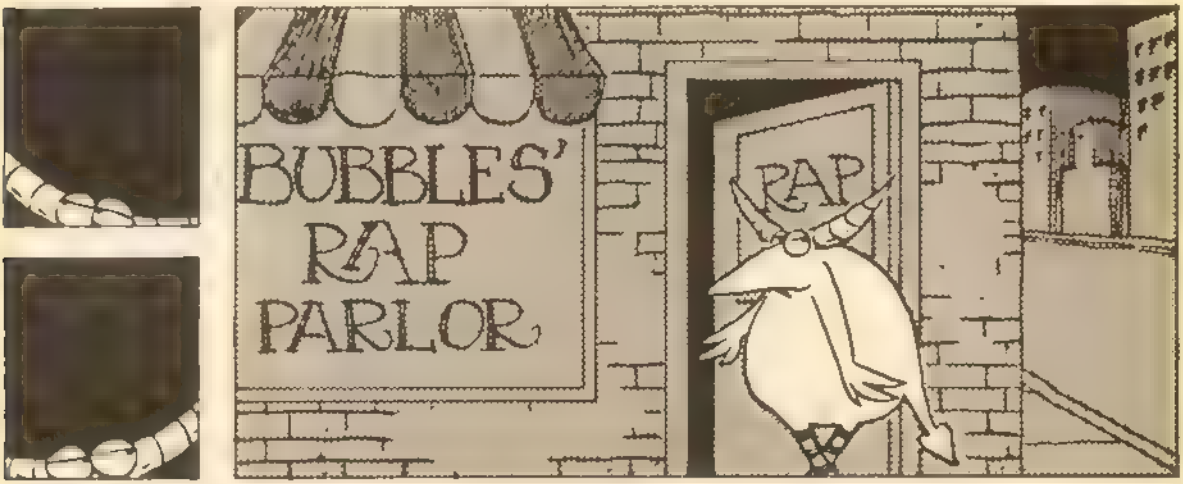

CHAPTER 17
THE UNDERGROUND CAFETERIA OF HARE CORNELIUS
by LE! -79-
OUR STORY SO FAR: MAJOR SCALE & THE HALF TONES, HAVING TOURED THE OUTER SEVEN ARE SUMMONED BY THE "INSPECTOR" DESPITE INSURMOUNTABLE OBJECTS SET IN THEIR PATH, THEY ARRIVE IN,
QUACK CITY, ONLY THREE WEEKS LATE. UNBEKNOWNST TO THEM, HOWEVER, THEY ARE BEING WATCHED BY THAT, DEE-LICIOUS FOX, BLU (FIANCÉ TO THE "INSPECTOR") SHE HAS A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS MATTER. HOT STUFF, EH?!
SUDDENLY...
COME RIGHT THIS WAY... THE RITES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN!
YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE THE ONLY KNOWN HOLOGRAM OF THE UBIQUITOUS CANNARD.
HE WAS LAST SEEN BEHIND THAT DOOR. HE HAS NOT COME OUT!
37.

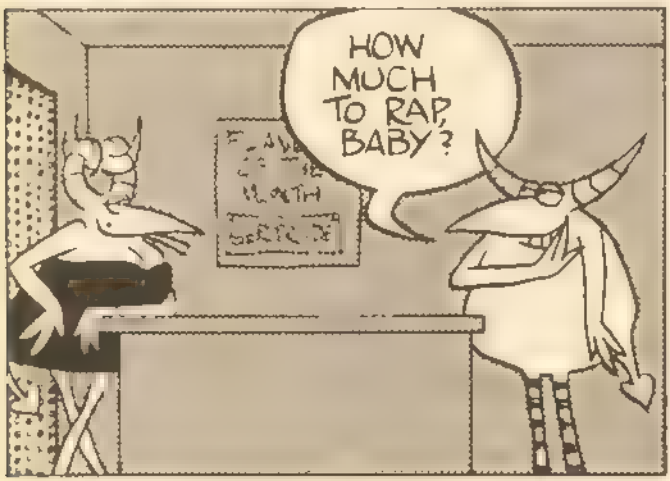

THE QUEENS CHOIR.... A NEW KING IS ABOUT TO BE CHOSEN.
BUT I CAN WAIT NO LONGER! THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT...
EXCUSE ME BUT HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN THIS DUCK?
CAN THAT BE TAKEN AS A YES?
LET'S LOOK DOWN THERE

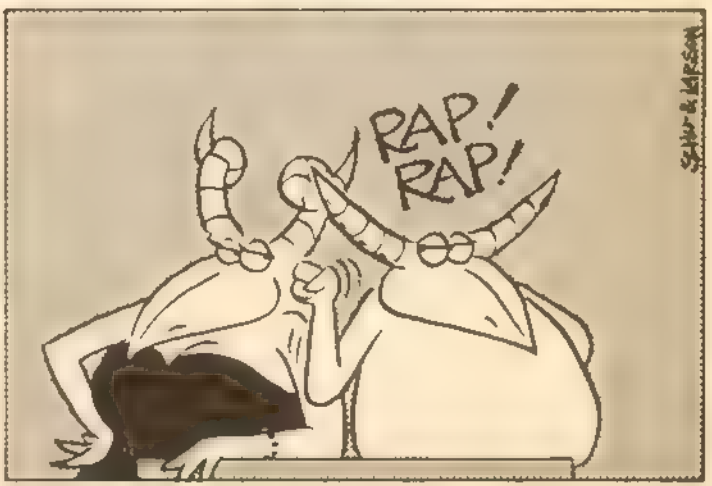
PERHAPS A MORE SUBTLE APPROACH IS IN ORDER. LET'S TRY TO NOT SCARE THESE ONES AWAY..
PERHAPS THE ANCIENT ONES FAVOR THIS MOMENT... LOOK!..
DARE I ..HOPE??
Z Z Z Z Z
Z Z Z Z Z
JEEZ! THAT AIN'T HIM!
UNDER THE SOFT ULTRA-MAROON RAYS OF ALFLOLOLS SEVENTH MOON THE TRAIL BECOMES CLEAR...
HMMMMM THE TRAIL IS BECOMING CLEAR...
39

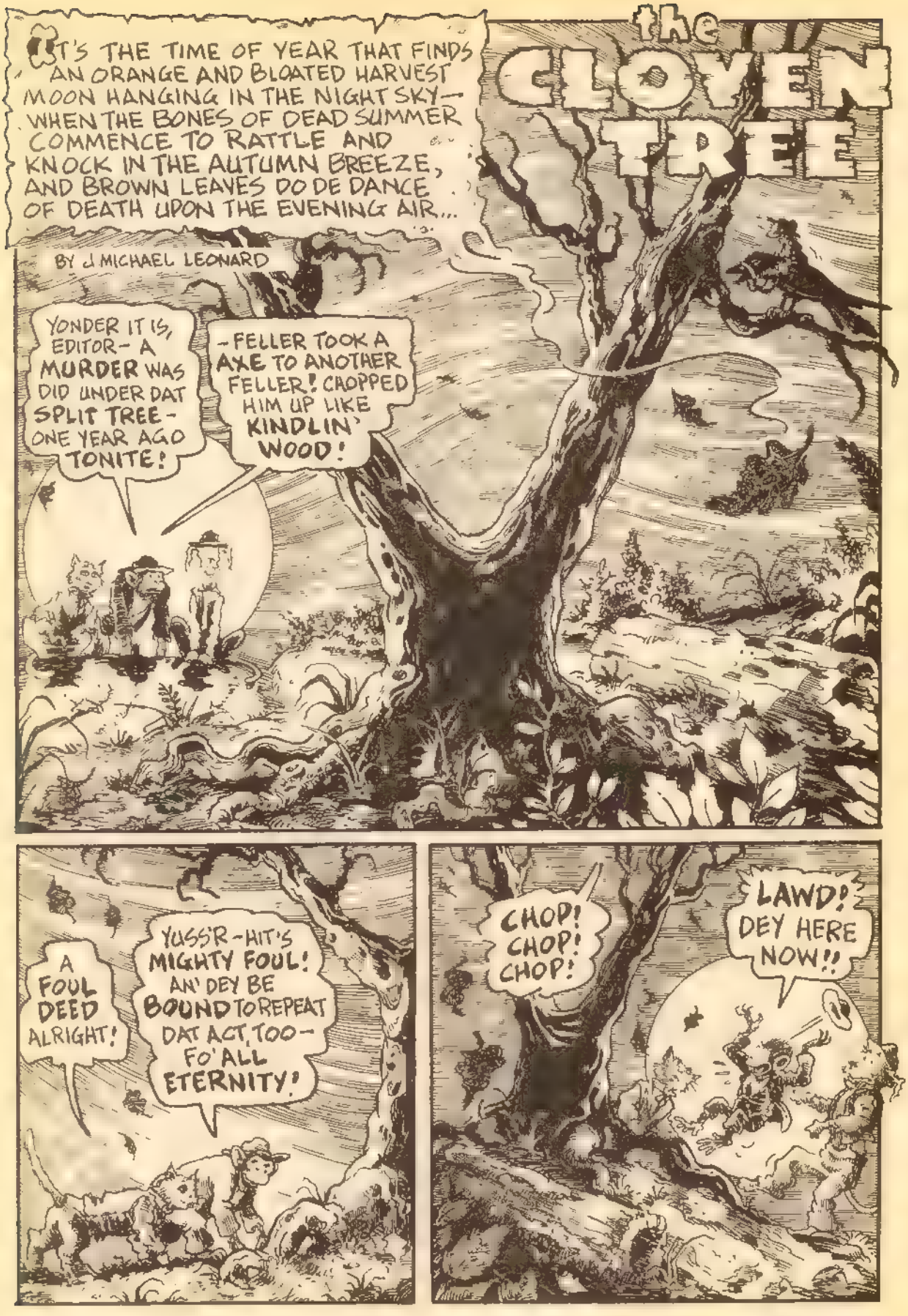

LOOK! SEE HOW THESE FEATHERS SEEM TO BE LEADING US TO...
ER- HI THERE! I HOPE WE'RE NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING. PERHAPS YOU KNOW OF A CERTAIN DUCK...
PRRRRR
RRRR
RRRRRRRRR
NOPE
RIGHT! I DIDN'T THINK SO...
SUCH AN HONEST FACE TOO! LET'S GO HAVE A BEER..
SAY, DOES THIS STRIP EVER END?
OF COURSE NOT... IT'S A MŒBIUS STRIP!
40
NEED THIS BE CONTINUED?!...

YOUR FRIEND & HIS, THE GRORMPH






IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR THAT FINDS AN ORANGE AND BLOATED HARVEST MOON HANGING IN THE NIGHT SKY— WHEN THE BONES OF DEAD SUMMER COMMENCE TO RATTLE AND KNOCK IN THE AUTUMN BREEZE, AND BROWN LEAVES DO DE DANCE OF DEATH UPON THE EVENING AIR...
the CLOVEN TREE
BY J MICHAEL LEONARD
YONDER IT IS, EDITOR— A MURDER WAS DID UNDER DAT SPLIT TREE— ONE YEAR AGO TONITE!
—FELLER TOOK A AXE TO ANOTHER FELLER! CHOPPED HIM UP LIKE KINDLIN' WOOD!
A FOUL DEED ALRIGHT!
YUSS'R—HIT'S MIGHTY FOUL! AN' DEY BE BOUND TO REPEAT DAT ACT, TOO— FO' ALL ETERNITY!
CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!
LAWD! DEY HERE NOW!!

EVE'NIN GENTS- HOW Y'ALL?
WELL- MOONSHINER! WHAT ROCK DID YOU CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER?
G'FAW!-AIN'T NO ROCK TO IT, CAP'N! I'M WAITIN' FOR TH' RESTLESS DEAD TO START THEY NIGHT CRAWLING!-I TAKE PLEASURE FROM SICH THINGS!
OLD HATTIE, TH' WITCH WOMAN SAY HARVEST MOON IS NEW YEARS FOR TH' SPOOKS N' SPIRITS! SAY THEY ALL BUSY WITH NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS!
BOYS - I BEEN TH' LENGTH AN' BREADTH OF THIS WHOLE WIDE WORLD - AND I TELL YOU: THERE'S NO ROOM FOR "SPOOKS N' SPIRITS" IN THE REALM OF INTELLECT!
UH-HUH! AN' DEY BE RESOLVIN' PURE DEVILMENT, TOO!
WELL, CAP'N- COULD BE YOU GOT TOO MUCH BOOK-SENSE FO' YER OWN GOOD!
A' YEAH, MOONSHINER- COULD BE I DO! -IT AIN'T UNCOMMON!
WELL, A MOUTHFUL OF BOOK-TALK AIN'T MUCH HELP AGAINST A DEPRAVED HAINT WITH A CHOPPIN' BLOCK FO' A HEAD!
-WOO! YOU BETTER HUSH DAT! YOU TALKIN' BAD LUCK!
HELL, BOY- BAD LUCK DON'T WORRY ME NONE... I GOT ROCK SALT IN MY POCKETS, AN' SLIPS OF YEW UNDER MY HAT! - AN' THIS HERE BRAIRWOOD CANE'S GOT THREE CROSSES CUT INTO IT!
WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!
GAWD! WHAT DAT?!

TAKE IT EASY, WASH- THAT AIN'T NOTHING BUT A TREE LIMB KNOCKING IN THE WIND!
TREE LIMB ?
WHOA NO, GENTS! IT'S MIDNIGHT! Y'ALL BETTER HURRY...
RUB THIS WORM MOSS ON Y'FACE! HIT'LL KEEP THEM HAINTS FROM RUSHIN' INTO YER BODY THRU YER NOSE!
HUSH DAT NOW RAT!
YOU AIN'T GOT NONE ON YER FACE, MOONSHINE!
HELL, I GOT SUMP'IN BETTER- AN AUTHENTIC MONKEY PAW CHOPPED OFF DURIN' A MOON E'CLIPSE!
WELL, I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' LUCKY 'BOUT DAT!
YOU'RE MIGHTY FULL OF OLD WIVES TALES AN' REMEDIES, MOONSHINER!
YESS'R CAP'N- I SHOLY AM!- THEMS TH' OLD WAYS! WHY- I SPENT ALL MORNIN' SUCKIN' TH' AIR OUT OF SEVEN DEAD CATFISH!
GOOD LORD! WHAT KINDA REMEDY IS THAT?!
A'HE!- AIN'T NO REMEDY- I JES' LIKE TH' WAY THEY SMELL!
LAWD'A MERCY!
REOW! =S'FIT=
WHACK!

CRAW! CRAW!
HOLE ON THERE, BIRD! (LAWD! WHERE MY MONKEY PAW!)
MOONSHINER! YOU WEAS'LIN LITTLE RAT!!
HEY! THAT AIN'T NO GHOST! - THAT'S OL' SMOKEY BEN!
SWISH!
THAT DAMN HOME-COOKED WHISKEY YOU SOLD ME WEREN'T NOTHIN' BUT LOW GRADE KEROSINE..
... DONE KILLED OFF HALF TH' HOG LOT, TWO DRAFT MULES, AN' MY OLDEST BOY!
HEY! HOLD ON THERE, SMOKEY
THUNK!
YEAH! HOLE ON, SMOKEY! I... I AIM TO MAKE RIGHT..
I AIM T'MAKE RIGHT, TOO MOON-SHINER...
RIGHT FO' YA' HEAD!
YEOW!
OOH! - WRONG END!
WOMP!
THAT OL' RAT SHO' DO SKITTER ALONG, DON'T HE -
THAT'S 'CAUSE HE AIN'T CARRYIN' ALL THIS EXTRA WEIGHT!
UH-HUH! - YA' RECKON DAT OL' RAT-TAIL IS LUCKIER THAN A MONKEY'S PAW?
HAW! IT COULDN'T BE NO UNLUCKIER...
NOW AIN'T DAT DE T'ROOF!
YA' CAIN'T HIDE NOW!
LAWD! LAWD!
END

©'78 by J. MICHAEL LEONARD

THE INCOMPARABLE ROMANCE OF AN ALIEN WORLD: THE INKY, EXTRATERRESTRIAL NIGHT, THE STRANGE BUT EXCITING SOUNDS OF A BEING NOT OF THIS EARTH...

...EVEN THE PLANET'S NAME HAS A SENSE OF WONDER ABOUT IT..."GROT 77-RALPH"

...AH ALMOST CAME THAT TIME

BUT, AS JEAN-PAUL SARTRE ONCE SAID, "YOU CAN GET INTO TROUBLE WITH THE COPS ANYWHERE"...

# BLAAMO

SPPEEOOWW! CHOON! CHOON! CHOON!

BREASTS OF ST. IGNACIO!!

OH GOD YES MS THERE RIGHT THERE MORE OH CHRIST OH OOH MORE SHIT JESUS

YOU GUYS ARE DEFINITELY GOD...

..SO HUSTLE YOUR MUFF OUT TO THE MESS AND WHIP ME UP A CHEESEBURGER...

OUR ROGUE SHIP

THOT POLICE! PROBABLY COME TA DISCUSS DA PURLOINING OF DA HUGE IWUKIS' DAUGHTER!

I AIN'T DRESSED TO DEBATE NO PLASMA CANNONS! LET'S LIFT IT!

I FEEL FAINT! I ACTUALLY GAVE MYSELF TO TWO FILTHY, SLIMEY, CRIMINAL DEVIATES!!

THAT BETTER BE ALL YOU GAVE US, BABY, OR WE'LL BE BACK TO HOSE YOU DOWN WITH INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH JANITOR-IN-A-DRUM...

HURRY, CAP!

YOU BET YOUR STUNGUNS, NO DUCKLINGS, IT'S THOSE TWO LOVEABLE RABBIT SPACERS, CAP AND CREW, AND THEIR MARGINALLY OPERATIONAL SHIP,

# BUNE

...GOING WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE, IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY, AND GENERALLY HELPING ME CASH IN ON THE MASSIVE SCIENCE FICTION BOOM...

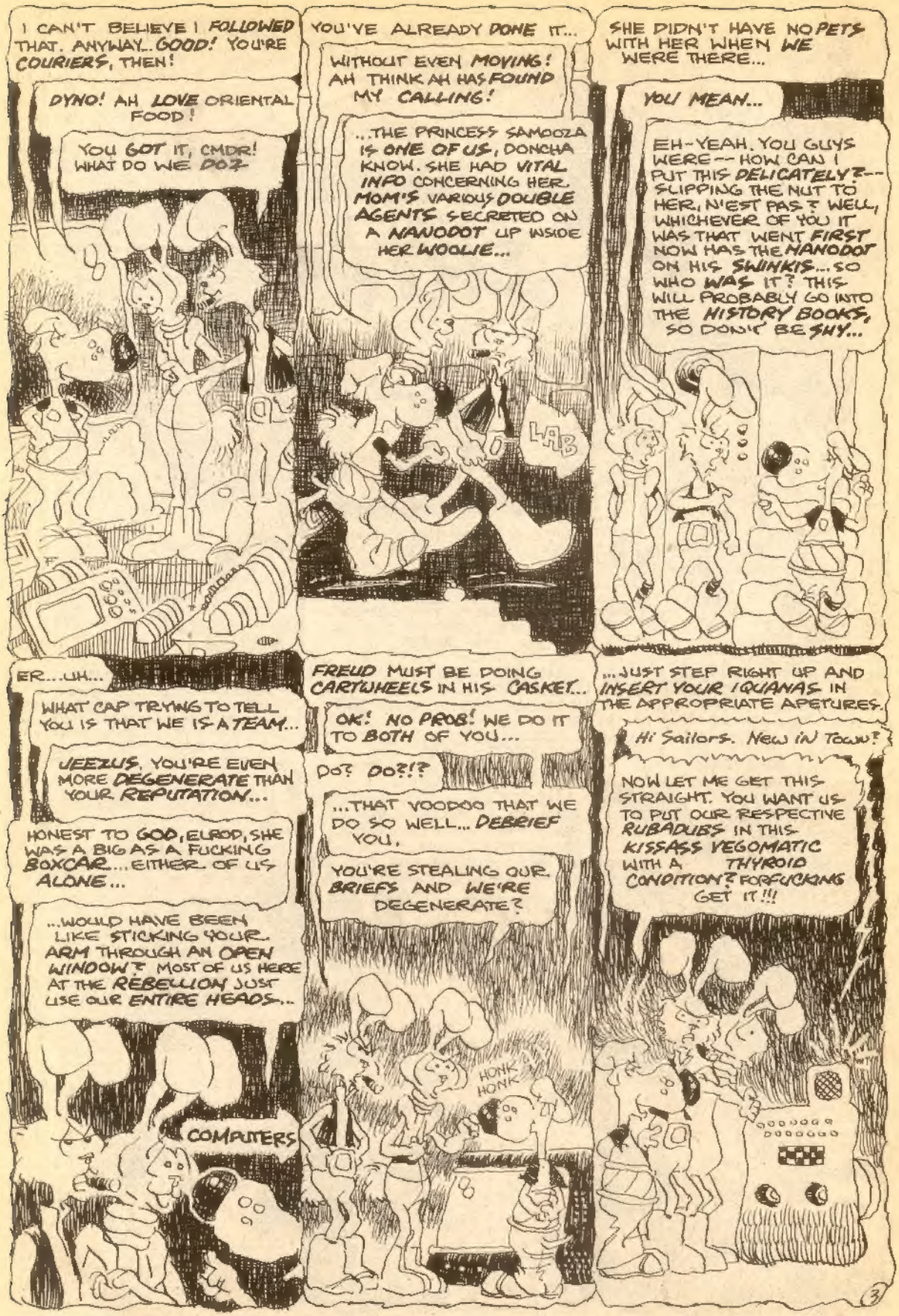
CHARACTERS BY T. COLLIER © 1979 Rich LARSON

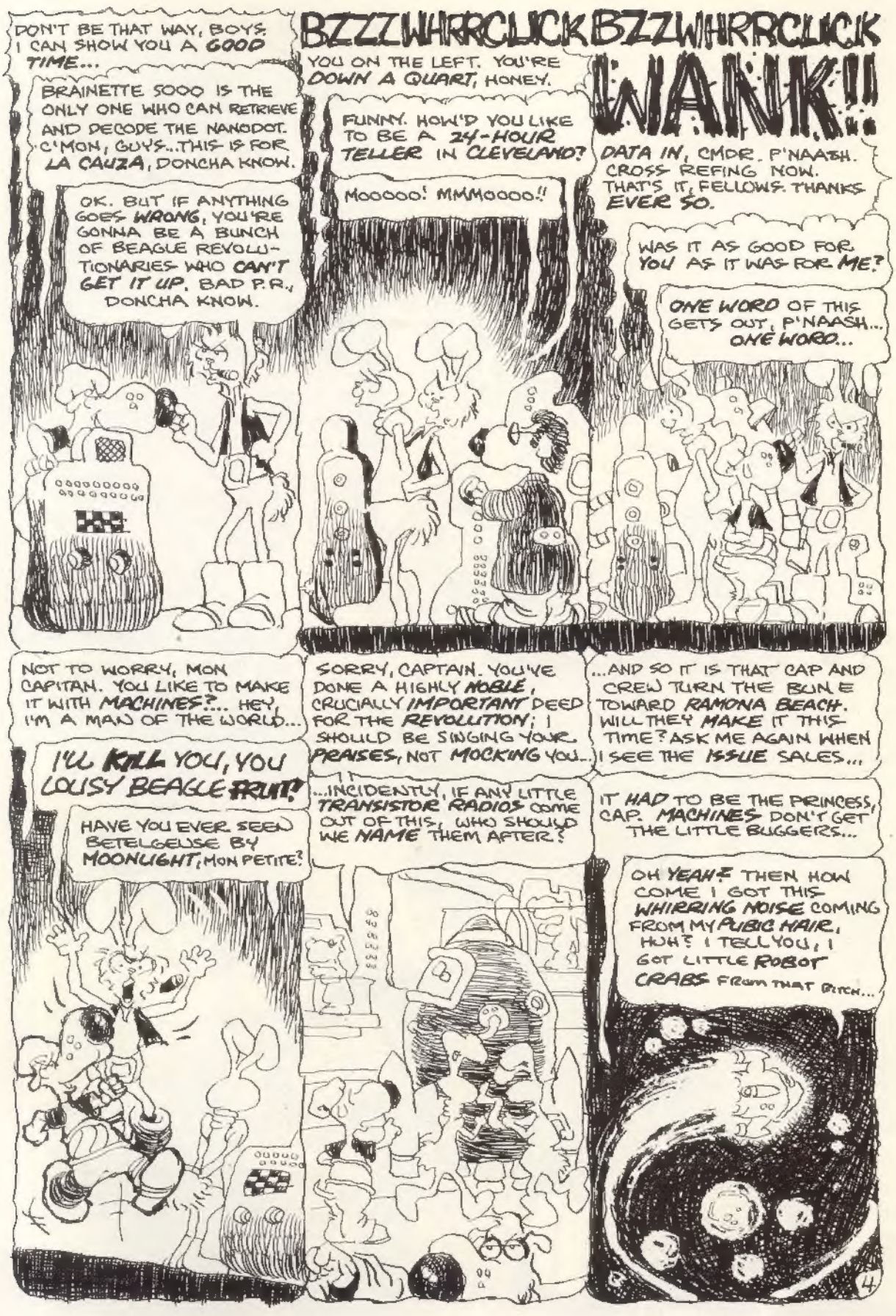
THIS DA LAST TIME I CONFER MY FAVORS ON DA CHILD OF DA RULER OF A PLANET...

WORDS TO LIVE BY... DIG OUT THE COORDINATES FOR RAMONA BEACH...

...AND...AND THEN (SOB!) THEY MADE ME WEAR RED VINYL BOOTS AND SING "SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW" WHILST SIMULTANEOUSLY STIMULATING THEM MANUALLY...

WAAH SNIF WAAH
CEASE FIRE, LT. GLOB. TAKE THEM ALIVE. I WANT TO MAKE LITTLE COCKTAIL NAPKINS OUT OF THEIR SCROTUMS.
I HEAR AND OBEY, OH HUGE ZWUKIS. (I BELIEVE THAT'S "SCROTA", MUM)
DEPLOY TRACTOR BEAM!
CHOW!
TRACTOR BEAM DEPLOYED!
SPOONK
HA! I HAVE THEM NOW! REEL IN THE DISGUSTING TUNA! WARM UP THE DISEMBOWLER! IT'S FUN TIME!!
THEY'VE GOT US NOW, CREW! WELL, NO WAY THEY'RE TAKING US ALIVE!!
WAIT! LET'S DISCUSS THIS IN GREATER DETAIL...
CAP! WE IS BEING SUCKED INTO A BLACK HOLE!
SHUT UP AND GET YOUR BLASER! THE ZWUKIS IS GONNA WANT TO MAKE LITTLE COCKTAIL ONIONS OUT OF OUR COHONES...
HOLD ON! I'M IN CHARGE, HERE, AND I JUST SAW "THE GOODBYE GIRL", AND I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A HAPPY ENDING! THIS IS 1978, FOR CHRISSAKES! TIME FOR A LITTLE DEUS EX MACHINA...
PUPPIES! THEY'RE BEING RESCUED BY THE CURSED REBEL KOOLAID RUNNER, AFTERNOON DELIGHT! OUR PUNY SPEEDBOATS ARE NO MATCH FOR THAT MOTHER! GET US OUT OF HERE, LT. GLOB!!
HEY, RABS! I'M CMDR. ELROD P'NAASH. WELCOME ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE REBELLION AGAINST THE EVIL HUGE ZWUKIS' DOMINATION OF THE ONCE AND FUTURE VERDANT AND FREE GROT 77-RALPH! HOWZAKIDS?
SPRITZIS
GAD AND ZOOKS! THERE IS A GOD!
?
?
CAP! WE IS BEING SUCKED INTO A BLACK HOLE!!
EITHER THAT, OR A VASTLY DERIVATIVE AND HIGHLY UNLIKELY SUBPLOT...
SUK
HOW DO YOU GET ALL THAT OH YOUR STATIONERY?
YOU SAVED OUR COTTONBALLS, CMDR. ANYTHING WE GOT YOU WANT, YOU GOT IT!
2


I CAN'T BELIEVE I FOLLOWED THAT. ANYWAY... GOOD! YOU'RE COURIERS, THEN!
DYNO! AH LOVE ORIENTAL FOOD!
YOU GOT IT, CMDR! WHAT DO WE DO?
YOU'VE ALREADY DONE IT...
WITHOUT EVEN MOVING! AH THINK AH HAS FOUND MY CALLING!
...THE PRINCESS SAMOOZA IS ONE OF US, DONCHA KNOW. SHE HAD VITAL INFO CONCERNING HER MOM'S VARIOUS DOUBLE AGENTS SECRETED ON A NANODOT UP INSIDE HER WOOLIE...
LAB
SHE DIDN'T HAVE NO PETS WITH HER WHEN WE WERE THERE...
YOU MEAN...
EH-YEAH. YOU GUYS WERE-- HOW CAN I PUT THIS DELICATELY?-- SLIPPING THE NUT TO HER, N'EST PAS? WELL, WHICHEVER OF YOU IT WAS THAT WENT FIRST NOW HAS THE NANODOT ON HIS SWINKIS... SO WHO WAS IT? THIS WILL PROBABLY GO INTO THE HISTORY BOOKS, SO DON'T BE SHY...
ER... UH...
WHAT CAP TRYING TO TELL YOU IS THAT WE IS A TEAM...
JEEZUS, YOU'RE EVEN MORE DEGENERATE THAN YOUR REPUTATION...
HONEST TO GOD, ELROD, SHE WAS A BIG AS A FUCKING BOXCAR... EITHER OF US ALONE...
...WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE STICKING YOUR ARM THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW? MOST OF US HERE AT THE REBELLION JUST USE OUR ENTIRE HEADS...
COMPUTERS
FREUD MUST BE DOING CARTWHEELS IN HIS CASKET...
OK! NO PROB! WE DO IT TO BOTH OF YOU...
DO? DO?!?
...THAT VOODOO THAT WE DO SO WELL... DEBRIEF YOU.
YOU'RE STEALING OUR BRIEFS AND WE'RE DEGENERATE?
HONK HONK
...JUST STEP RIGHT UP AND INSERT YOUR IGUANAS IN THE APPROPRIATE APETURES.
Hi Sailors. New in Town?
NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU WANT US TO PUT OUR RESPECTIVE RUBADUBS IN THIS KISSASS VEGOMATIC WITH A THYROID CONDITION? FORFUCKING GET IT!!!
3


DON'T BE THAT WAY, BOYS. I CAN SHOW YOU A GOOD TIME...
BRAINETTE 5000 IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN RETRIEVE AND DECODE THE NANODOT. C'MON, GUYS...THIS IS FOR LA CAUZA, DONCHA KNOW.
OK. BUT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, YOU'RE GONNA BE A BUNCH OF BEAGLE REVOLUTIONARIES WHO CAN'T GET IT UP. BAD P.R., DONCHA KNOW.
BZZZWHRRCLICK BZZWHRRCLICK
YOU ON THE LEFT. YOU'RE DOWN A QUART, HONEY.
FUNNY. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A 24-HOUR TELLER IN CLEVELAND?
MOOOOO! MMMOOOO!!
WANK!!
DATA IN, CMDR. P'NAASH. CROSS REFING NOW. THAT'S IT, FELLOWS. THANKS EVER SO.
WAS IT AS GOOD FOR YOU AS IT WAS FOR ME?
ONE WORD OF THIS GETS OUT, P'NAASH... ONE WORD...
NOT TO WORRY, MON CAPITAN. YOU LIKE TO MAKE IT WITH MACHINES?... HEY, I'M A MAN OF THE WORLD...
SORRY, CAPTAIN. YOU'VE DONE A HIGHLY NOBLE, CRUCIALLY IMPORTANT DEED FOR THE REVOLUTION; I SHOULD BE SINGING YOUR PRAISES, NOT MOCKING YOU...
...AND SO IT IS THAT CAP AND CREW TURN THE BLINE TOWARD RAMONA BEACH. WILL THEY MAKE IT THIS TIME? ASK ME AGAIN WHEN I SEE THE ISSUE SALES...
I'LL KILL YOU, YOU LOUSY BEAGLE FRUIT!
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN BETELGEUSE BY MOONLIGHT, MON PETITE?
...INCIDENTLY, IF ANY LITTLE TRANSISTOR RADIOS COME OUT OF THIS, WHO SHOULD WE NAME THEM AFTER?
IT HAD TO BE THE PRINCESS, CAP. MACHINES DON'T GET THE LITTLE BUGGERS...
OH YEAH? THEN HOW COME I GOT THIS WHIRRING NOISE COMING FROM MY PUBIC HAIR, HUH? I TELL YOU, I GOT LITTLE ROBOT CRABS FROM THAT BITCH...
4

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